

bestowed upon his smiling, large-mouthed, white-toothed, flat-nosed, dusky aborigine of Kruiland. I heard the master of the Kru boys when Captain Stone, of the *Mermaid*, engaged at Grand Seaside, near Cape Palmas, among which I distinguished the marine euphemisms of "Pee son," "Jolly Nose," "Bucke," "Plying Jib," "Salt Junk," "Main-top-sail," "Jack Slush," "Jack-jack," "Tom Chips," "Sheet Anchor," "Cabin Boy," "Star Gazer," "Wool Pate," "Bill Caruncle," "Tom Coy," "Jack Fry," "Pete Blink," "Skylight," "Mizzen Truck," "Fore and Aft" and many more such curious titles. The British sailor, however, regards these as far more adapted for his need to distinguish the Kru boys one from another than such names as Kabrahkhu, Marponotonga, and many other polysyllables would be.

THE IVORY AND GOLD COAST.

Leaving the shores of Liberia behind, we come to the Ivory coast, the French possessions, which extend as far as the Ashante River, and then eastward of that river we sail along the Gold Coast—which has finally come entire, through transfer and purchase, into the hands of the English—extending from Assinie River to the Danoe, a coast line of about 200 miles, or from longitude 1 deg. 20 min. west of Greenwich to longitude 1 deg. 20 min. east of Greenwich.

The town of Danoe, on the slave coast, serves as a boundary line between the British possessions and Danomy to the east of Cape Coast Castle, and the Assinie River marks the boundary between the British possessions and the French possessions to the west of Cape Coast Castle. While the actual British possessions comprise no more than a thin coast line, yet the protectorate, according to the Ashantee Treaty of April 27, 1868, extends north along the parallel of longitude 1 deg. west of Greenwich for a distance of nearly 100 miles; but in 1871 the proposed jurisdiction was to extend only to the southern bank of the Pra or Buzum Pra.

POPULATION.

Within this extensive protectorate are found the tribes of Denkra, Anka, Awin, Amannah, Ahante, Wassaw, Fante, Assin, Goomwah, Adumacoo, Agoona, Aquapin, Acera, Akim, Adumacoo, Aquanoo, Kpépe, Aveno, Keraah.

Besides these tribes there are many subtribes not worth enumerating.

THE KINGDOM OF ASHANTEE.

extends north of the line of the British protectorate, all firmly connected under the rule of a despotic king called Kofi Kaka, who holds court at Kumasi, or Comassie—a large and strong town situated not far from a branch of the Buzum Pra.

CAPE COAST CASTLE.

We arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the morning of the 24th October. The first view of the place was of a seven sided position, the hollows between the hills being occupied with houses, white and brown colored, which connected in a neighborly manner—not crowded at all—one hill with another. The mass of mortared walls, balconies, stunted towers, &c., in the foreground, close to the big waves of the Atlantic rush with terrible fury over the rock that forms the Cape, is Cape Coast Castle. It is a pretentious looking building from the sea, giving the stranger an idea at once that if he is going to trust his body in the town all the Ashantes in the world could not hurt him, which is a comfortable reflection, considering the alarming editorials the British press have given birth to.

The background formed of three hills—Victoria Tower to the right, Fort William, a round, cheese-box affair, about as large as the mammoth towers we are going to exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, at Philadelphia, planted on top of a steep cone, in the centre, and Connor's Hill to the left, on the summit of which are some bell tents, officers' quarters, a wooden hospital; this Connor's Hill is the sanatorium. The middle ground is filled with hills, covered with government buildings, churches, and hollows filled in with long lines of mud houses, said to be occupied by Christian and pagan Fantes. This is as much as you can take in at a glance from shipboard of an obscure settlement just sprung up into notoriety, which must make the place and its history a matter of common talk for months to come.

In the roads are a hospital ship, the *Simoon*, commanded by gallant Captain Peck; the royal naval ship *Barocatta*, Captain Fremantle, senior naval officer at present; Her Majesty's ship *Decoy* and a couple more; the British and African steamer *Bonny*, the African Steamship Company's *Bonny*, two American sailing vessels and a brig owned by the great firm of Swanzy Brothers.

ELIMINA.

About eight miles to the right of Cape Coast Castle a glaring white mass of buildings rises to view, which, I am told, is Elimina, and the Castle of St. George of Elimina. This latter place is classic. It was discovered and settled by the Portuguese navigator Diogo d'Azambuja in 1482. It was then known to them as Aldea, or the village of "two parts," but soon became more generally known as Mina or Mine; but when the castle, which took 86 years to build, was completed, it was called St. George da Mina. The name of "Mina" was derived, I suspect, from a family of that name who, in the middle of the fifteenth century, exceeding rich and advanced large sums of money to fit out the exploring caravels. How it came to be called Elimina is easy to explain. The prefix "El," translated into English, means "The." About the middle of the sixteenth century Admiral de Ruyter captured Elimina for the King of the Netherlands and left his baton there as the insignia of authority for all succeeding governors. That baton of ivory and gold passed into the hands of the British Governor, Hennessy, on the 6th of May, 1872, the time of the transfer of the Dutch territory into the hands of the English after its occupation by the Dutch during 225 years. My object in drawing your attention to the old Portuguese castle—which is as classic as anything on this coast is, since the feet of many a noble Portuguese navigator have trodden its halls; since d'Azambuja, Vasco da Gama and other great names have been associated in its legends; since Gomez was here when he was in his heyday, and held many a serious parley (a coronation of the word *parley*), with the restless native kings, whose restlessness their descendants seem to have inherited—is because the cession of the place to the English is, with other causes, the cause of the Ashantee invasion of 1873.

THE HISTORY.

Of these settlements is too complicated a matter for a special correspondent to unravel while he is on the eve of a stirring campaign, when his pen will be required any moment to paint war transpires or may transpire shortly; but it would be unjust to expect your readers to feel interested in this campaign without revealing a few salient points, such as will throw light upon the purposes and objects of this war. The Ashantes—the pronunciation being in the second syllable—have been living enemies of the English, principally because bar commissioners and governors have never thought it worth while to encourage their friendship properly, such as their importance merits. It is true they have always been polite to the King and his envoys, have sent him many rich presents, have repeatedly urged on the King and his Court that England wishes only friendship with Ashantee; but at the same time they have never conceded anything to its importance in preference to the condescended tribes embraced in the British Protectorate.

Ashantee is as large a country as the whole of France or Abyssinia. Though not as populous as the latter country, the whole of it is united under one man, whom every native is bound to obey to the extent of his power. In his hands, was torn by contending factions and ambitious and weakened, but Ashantee can muster under the banner of its King a force of 200,000 warriors. In some sense Ashantee may be said to be far superior to Abyssinia; for instance, in wealth and political unity. Abyssinia, however, is far superior to Ashantee in its semi-civilization and Christianity. Time and time again has Ashantee entreated of England the right to come and go freely from the interior to the coast, and elsewhere. This has been denied because of the danger that would arise from the hostility the Fante confederacy would have to such an arrangement. Yet England, great mistress as she is of the arts of commerce, might have listened to the entreaties of Ashantee and

complied, to her own lasting credit and enduring profit.

For nearly a couple of centuries Ashantee has traded with the Dutch settlement of Elmina, eight miles from Cape Coast. When England purchased Elmina she might have opened a highway as far as Prahu on the Buzum Pra River and there established an outpost garrisoned by 200 Houssas, with a firm, intelligent British officer as commandant, whither trade would have been carried at once, which would not only have been a means of securing a large commerce, but also have been a means of protection for the frontier of the protectorate. England did nothing of the sort. She sent conciliatory letters to the Ashantee people, telling him of her desire to remain on a peaceful footing with him, and hoped that trade might be revived. On the 6th of May, 1872, she took possession of Elmina with a blare of trumpets, cannon salutes and imposing ceremonies.

ANGLO-SAXON CIVILIZATION.

I now open the Parliamentary Blue Books, from which I extract the following news, which goes to show what was done by England from her occupation of the Dutch territory down to the time of the Ashantee invasion of 1873—

May 31, 1872.—Prince Anshah, a cousin of King Coffie, of Ashantee, being at Comassie, writes to the Governor of Ashantee, asking him to release the prisoners of Ashantee who are now in the hands of the Governor. The Governor has sent that the road will be open for trade.

Some missionaries of the Basile mission, pursuing their religious profession quietly, had, about two years before, been captured by Adu Boin, an Ashantee general, and Prince Anshah suggests that the Governor should release these missionaries. Von Strauss, in the name of his august master, has thanked the British government for its good intentions.

This was a diplomatic mistake, leading the Ashantees into the belief that they were people of importance.

The Ashantee General Adu Boin, their captain, demands 1,800 ounces of gold or 25,480.

Lately—Governor Hennessy sends presents to King of Ashantee of pieces of red-embroidered silk. In June a son of General Adu Boin is made prisoner, but is unconditionally released by Governor Hennessy in the evident hope of securing a reciprocal release on the part of General Adu Boin.

This month, also, Governor Hennessy makes a further diplomatic gift of a ring marked with the 12 signs of the zodiac.

At a later moment Earl Kimberley, of the Colonial Office, advises Governor Hennessy to inform the King of Ashantee that if Europeans are detained the annual stipend promised him will be suspended, and that the King should send to the Governor a list of the names of the prisoners. Von Strauss, in the name of his august master, has thanked the British government for its good intentions.

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thority—not because it promises to be a gain to her. There is no reason at all why she should not strive to make Ashantee tributary to her. King Coffie is too rich a neighbor to be left all alone with his riches, with his tons of gold dust and accumulations of wealth to himself.

AN AFRICAN CUBA.

Ashantee would be as rich an acquisition to the British Crown as the island of Cuba to the United States, as the people are born traders, and it only requires a little careful management to be paid 20 times over for the cost of the expedition to Comassie. Those who fail to see this thing in its true light fall because of prejudice and bad taste. A change of masters would be a glorious thing for Ashantee. Instead of the despot who chops off a couple of thousand heads on the burial of his predecessor, the people would have a rich and generous nation to treat with, which is among the most skillful and industrious in the world, and stands higher than Ashantee even in its love for trade. All Central Africa would soon be benefited, and the inhabitants around Lake Tchad would in time come to marvel at the palatial houses of the white merchants, whose kahls ranged through the untrodden wilds of the interior. The people of the protectorate think that this is as much England's war as their own, though Colonel Harley has often told them that the English have nothing to do with the war, that it is the Fante-Ashantee war; but the British government are now inclined to their way of thinking—hence the expedition to Comassie.

It is now nine months since the war began. Another month will probably roll by before the white soldiers will come and take up the line of march. It is always the same way. England wastes time in talking and negotiating; but she might have learned a lesson of promptitude from the savage Ashantees, who, quick as were the Prussians to invade France, were quicker and more expeditious than even they in their invasion of Fante.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CAMPAIGN.

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FORMER FAILURES.

The English have been twice unsuccessful in their war with Ashantee. In 1828 Sir Charles McCarthy and 600 gallant fellows perished before the furious onset of the Ashantees, and that brave soldier's skull, gold rimmed and highly venerated, is said to be still at Comassie, used as a drinking cup by King Coffie. In 1855-56 the English suffered severe loss. Courtenay marched to the Pra, 80 miles from here, and marched back again, being obliged to bury or destroy his cannon and hurriedly retreat to Cape Coast. I have not the information by me to give you the details of the disaster, but all the coast men speak of that expedition as "ill-fated."

REFORM AND TRY AGAIN.

It is now Sir Garnet Wolsey who is to try his fortune with the Ashantees. His antecedents and his reputation are such that he is expected to succeed where Napoleon's march to Magdala, though not so bloodless, a friend of mine, who knows him personally, speaks most enthusiastically of him.

Cape Coast Castle—Its Population and Government—Launching the Herald News Steamer Dauntless.

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Nov. 6, 1873.

I endeavored in my last to inform your readers how and why this war began. I must now introduce them to Cape Coast Castle, its authorities and its people.

On the shore with the other passengers, as I had to superintend the lifting overboard of the little *HERALD* steamer, the *Dauntless*, which the proprietor of the *HERALD* has been generous enough to let me have for the collection of news along the coast. About four in the afternoon, however, the *HERALD* steam launch, the *Dauntless*, steamed from alongside the Benin, with a huge surf boat loaded with coal, in tow, toward the shore. The waves were uncommonly high, and the surf rolled its horrid waves most ominously in front. Arriving within 200 yards of the beach, the *Dauntless* was anchored in eight fathoms of water. Her engineer and two Kru men were left in charge of her, with a caution not to leave her until morning, by which time it would be supposed, I should find some quiet anchorage for her. The coal boat was then rowed ashore. There were 12 Fante paddlers on board—strong, brawny fellows, who had been hunted by the fierce surf of the gold coast for many and many a year. We soon began to feel the influence of the big waves. The Fantes paddled gently, until one wave after another had impelled the boat and its freight beyond the point of rocks on which the Castle is built, when, with a mighty shout and as mightily a simultaneous effort, the boatmen, seeing their chance, sent her far on the beach, on the crest of a devouring wave. Coal, however, was such a cargo that would take a couple of hours to unload, and the booming surf still kept up its unceasing bluster and lashed itself into white foam all round the boat, which made it a most difficult job to unload; but about an hour after we had got the coal on shore, by which time, I am sure, we had been driven by the angry confusion and vocal noises of the Fantes, I was glad to hear the voice of the boy servant of Captain Butler, "Great Lone Land," say, "Please, sir, Captain Butler told me to tell you your room is ready for you, and dinner will be sent to you from Government House."

A watchman had to be engaged to keep watch over the coal on the beach, lest the Fantes might carry the black stones away, and I then turned my weary steps towards Butler's quarters at the Colonial Surveyor's house.

DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Arriving at the house in anything but a presentable state, I found Captain Butler and another gentleman who was introduced to me as Captain Charteris, the son of Lord Elio, aide-de-camp to Sir Garnet Wolsey. Captain Charteris was the bearer of an invitation to me to accompany him to the meadow near the river, where Captain Charteris had already greatly impressed me most favorably, but the hospitable invitation considerably annoyed me in his favor. After granting me time to dress, to change my surfeited clothes for the soft white flannels suitable for an enjoyable night in the tropics, we marched off for Government House.

THE BUILDING.

It is a barn-like building, about 100 feet long by 50, raised on stilts 25 feet above the ground. Of course, the stilts are walled up with masonry. The barn-like building, mortared and whitewashed, looks now very imposing, with its grand staircase buttressing the house, with a garden of bright flowers in front, in which may be seen the steepled form of many a cowering antelope, side by side with the broad, gaping-mouthed moria, pointed threateningly at the innocent stars in the heavens. A couple of orderly, sauntering sentries, promenading in front of the house, and very much to the imposing appearance of the building. It gave effect to the house in my mind, and smothered the half-formed desire to criticize the appearance of Government House.

We ascended the staircase, lights flash here and there, I get a peep at the pantry as I arrive at the top, my eye strikes off at a tangent to my right and catches sight of a well-laid dinner table; but to my left is the reception room of Government House, where the intending diners are assembled.

Captain Butler steps up to welcome his companion on the voyage with a gentleman, and says—

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Mr. S., Sir Garnet."

This stately little gentleman, of proud military bearing; quick, bright eye; broad, high forehead; ardent temperament; a sparkling, vivacious intelligence animating every feature—this is Sir Garnet Wolsey, the pacificator of Red River and the young hero chosen for the command of the British expedition to Comassie. He is the very reverse of my conception of Sir Garnet Wolsey who called the gentlemen of the press "foes" and a curse of modern armies. If he had not been a soldier, by his appearance I should judge him to have made a first class *HERALD* special correspondent—just the man to have seized an item and dared a general-in-chief to lay hands on him; just the man to be sent to any part of the world by the *HERALD* to collect news. His eager eyes betray the inquisitive soul and indomitable energy. Taking no offence whatever at his sharp-tongued criticism of the necessity of the age, I admit at once that the British

government could not have found a worthier man to entrust the castigation of the Ashantees to than Sir Garnet Wolsey.

HIS GUESTS.

At a luxuriously spread table on either hand of the General I found Captain Fremantle, of Her Majesty's ship *Barocatta*, with his left arm in a sling from a wound received at the mouth of the Pra; Major Baker, of the Eighteenth Royal Irish, chief of staff; Captain Brackenbury, the military secretary of Sir Garnet, who is reputed to be a very able officer; Captain Charteris, aide-de-camp; Captain Morris, author of the "Wellington Prize Essay," who received the prize even above Sir Garnet himself, who was considered fourth best; Captain Butler, author of the "Great Lone Land," who is about to be sent on a special mission to the tribes of Akim, and three other officers whose names I forgot.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL IN AMERICA.

Sir Garnet I found to have extensively travelled through the United States. He told an amusing tale, which I am sure if related will not be considered as a violation of confidence, of how he and a friend of his found themselves at the Brevoort House, in New York, at the early part of the war. They were both too young to care much for the war, but they were both too old to be considered as a violation of confidence, of how he and a friend of his found themselves at the Brevoort House, in New York, at the early part of the war. They were both too young to care much for the war, but they were both too old to be considered as a violation of confidence, of how he and a friend of his found themselves at the Brevoort House, in New York, at the early part of the war.

Sir Garnet Wolsey is said to be the youngest general in Her Majesty's service. He is not 40 years old yet, and as he has not risen to his present rank through interest it may be assumed that he has shown himself a capable and energetic officer to have attained to his present position. A glance at his "Soldier's Pocket Book" will show the qualities of which he is possessed. Every line in it is written like a soldier and from a soldier's standpoint. There is no nonsense about him. The great aim he has in view seems to be to instruct young officers in their duties, and to make of his book a guide to everything that should be done in the field.

He teaches them the art of diplomacy in their dealings with ignorant savages, as well as with European armies. He tells them how to avoid being interviewed by their messmates or press people, and how to govern their features when submitted to a too close questioning. It is evident that if Sir Garnet Wolsey entertains the idea that if the press is obnoxious to a general-in-chief; that if in his opinion a general could fight very much better without being hampered by the "lazy drones" which the newspapers send out to report; that if he goes out of his strict duty as a military officer to teach officers how not to be interviewed by any gentleman of the press, that he is not a general to be sought after by the press. This is true. If Sir Garnet Wolsey had command of a division in a great war he would be the last general I should advise a nation to put in the field.

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